

fire and the cops wouldn't have noticed. one night some guys jumped out, one started to punch her and instead grabbed her nice tits, another hauled back and after checking for "dyke tits" nailed him pretty good. still, waking up the next day not alone was worth it.

RICHARD

one night after a beckett performance
brian mallon & i talked about burton.

some of our remarks in no particular order: as soon as i saw him healthy after all that drinking i knew he was a goner. he deserted the english theater unlike larry, gielgud or richardson but who do you miss? brian, you fucking look like him. his daughter said the same, when she was in a bloomsday i did in ny, burton himself was briefly a possibility. would have upstaged everyone else. everyone else would have lived with it. liz's single interesting marital choice. he was in drink-throughs but there was also look back in anger, the spy who came in from the cold, camelot, night of the iguana, under milk-wood. recently saw live lithgow & glenda jackson as george & martha, good, but pale.... i was in the theater across from equus when he did the last performance; the taxi drivers were honking in the street.

DWARF'S LIFE

with less than a sterling attitude but certain employee skills he emerged as a working force in this land at age 11, hawking papers on the sidewalk in south florida — he was out like the lights for afternoon tv history class, and to this day is foggy about the past — rubber bands popped on his cold fingers and he joined in the casual abuse of the skinny older paper boss. at 16 he washed dishes, at 17 cleared them from tables, at 18 worked carpets & produce, and somewhere in there he and his friends helped build a miami beach type high rise with the aid of extensive samplings of the local herbs.

that was the last job for a long while that he had any fun at. after a bust he worked early morning maintenance, then out on the coast delivery truck, was a militant mealy

mouth in the college office, stole from the library, rubbed entire faculties the wrong way as an aide, managed to miss fast food but did a little grocery store time, bartended, did more driving and early cleaning, and went straight from college to a bellhop job. there, on the late shift, he and an older sympatico guy used the slow hours to smoke weed and drink endless champagne, which they took turns delivering in buckets of ice to the bellhop office. losing that one was worse on his friend, who had three kids and various problems.

what he was good at was unemployment. he instinctively bull-shitted his way through the office, and was skilled at isolating himself to live the low life. in the last work week of the last extension he would go out and get a job.

for a year and a half he enjoyed the semi-dignity of ceta, then more unemployment, then drove a cab which he was good at because there was no boss on your back and no non-existential evaluation process, but he was glad when the company went on strike, then belly up, and he had more unemployment. after that he went into the underground economy for the better part of a decade and wound up the owner of a small business, and so came to have his own employees.

he immediately gave one somewhat like himself a 2-week notice, enough time to get bad mouthed to the clientele, that was the last notice given. he sympathized but knew all their tricks. he lived with the hangovers, the blowouts with boyfriend or girlfriend, the occasional fuck you to a customer. and he believed that if they weren't stealing a little they were stealing a lot. he did not tolerate disloyalty, insults to the boss's ego, or too much talking on the phone. he didn't know how grumpy he was becoming and he didn't care. he only dreamed of selling the place and retiring to the woods.

TANNING PSALM

you can pump & watch
but you can't pump & listen
which proves that tv
is even stupider than
amplified music

but the tanning owner
had to sue the landlord
when the gym expanded

right to his wall:
weights pounding through
headphones —

it was hard to get
a tan with all that
racket going on